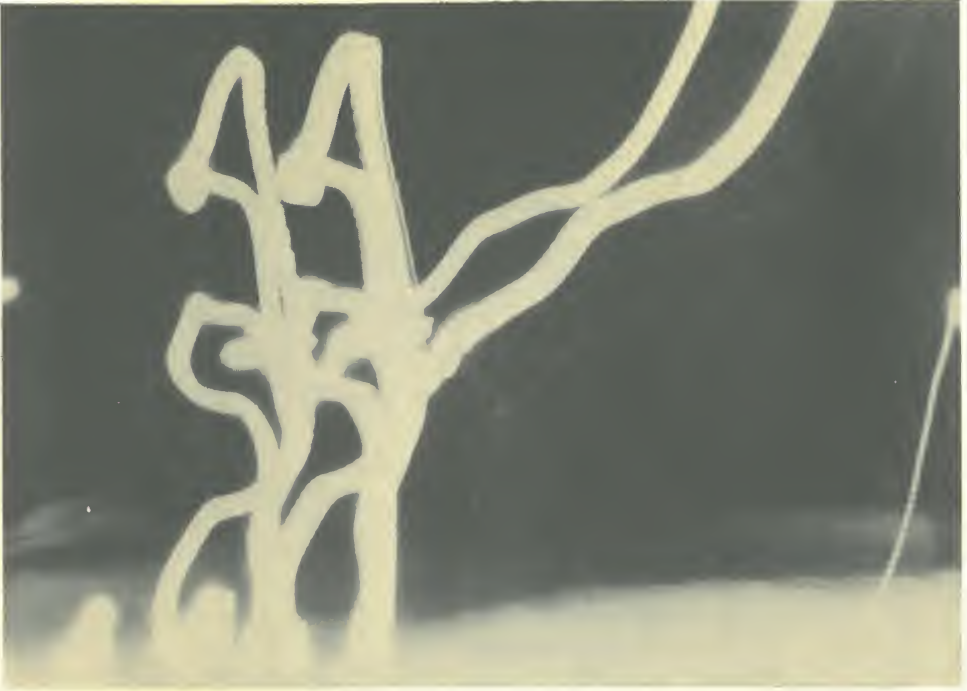


Spring 1988 XLVIII



# MEASURE '88

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## Remembering Randolph Cody

by Christopher Helton

I can remember Randolph Cody very well. Randolph, also known to us as Cody, was a veritable whirlwind of energy who would *whirl* into my life and the lives of my friends. He was always interested in moving forward and finding a place that would never close. At one time he had been a friend and a neighbor, and then he moved away from the neighborhood and he became a friend and a stranger to me. He would show up unexpectedly some evening and then we would be off in whatever car that he showed up driving, everytime a different car and I always suspected that they were stolen, but I never would ask him if they were. He would just show up, appear from nowhere, wanting an adventure of travel, and I would be swept up into his adventure along with any of my friends who would get caught in our path. I was not an unwilling participant in his adventures, and I enjoyed them as much as he did because they gave me something that I did not normally have.

Cody was the archtypical Hoosier, and very much unlike any of my other friends. My other friends were intellectuals, not to say that he was unintelligent or stupid, and he was intelligent in his unique way, a way which was different from any of the rest of my friends. With my other friends it was always the discussion of actions, while Cody it was the actions without aim or thought to them. Cody was educated in the school of life and he lived in a world that was very much different than the world that our books told us about, and that, in his own way, made him superior to any of the others. And, when I would least expect to see Cody, he would be knocking upon my door.

"Hey, Carter, what's happening?" This would greet me as the reappearance of Cody. He was tall, with the wiry and yet strong build which was particular to him, and he had black hair, cut very short. He was a year or two older than me, the older brother I never had, and he wore thick bottle bottom glasses, because without them he could not see his own hand waved before his face.

I would not see or hear from Cody for weeks or even months, and then would come the knock at the door followed by his "Hey, Carter, what's happening?" This would be the beginning of one of Cody's whirlwind tours of the surrounding Indiana countryside, or some near by city, by way of obscure back roads if he had a choice.

Cody was not a man of words, and as such he rarely ever said more than a sentence at a time under normal situations, but when excited he could talk a mile a minute, and never making any sense.

Cody was driving a black Trans-Am down a dark street of Muncie, we were in the car with another of my friends, Troy. With the lights out, we were driving silently, and nearly invisibly through the side streets of the western edge of the city. He would guide the car quietly up to a stop sign that was obscured by darkness, driving as if by some sixth sense or mental radar. Quickly, he would flip the lights on and check for oncoming traffic, which was very infrequent at the hour at which we were driving. For a minute, we sat at the intersection while he scanned the area for our opponents.

Somewhere out there, near by and lurking while waiting for us to appear, was Toni with Jake and Tom in her car. We had earlier been to a movie, when Cody made one of his spontaneous, spur of the moment, suggestions which marked his personality.

"Let's play some hide and seek," Cody said when we had all left the movie theater. The others stared at him as if he was a fool of some sort who had just asked them to leap into

a bonfire. After looking at everyone, sizing up the situation, and giving everyone a condescending look, he launched into his explanation.

"You guys —" He pointed to Toni, Jake and Tom. "— take the car you came in, and head for the neighborhood near where Carter lives. We —" He then gestured at Troy and I. "— will go a different way. The first car to catch the other with its headlights wins."

Toni, a shapely blonde three years older than me and a friend from school who had graduated long ago, said, "How do we know that you're really going to do it, and not just drive off while we're looking for you?"

Cody gave his broad, and almost always disarming, smile. "Trust me, I know what I'm doing," was all he said.

Back at the stop sign, Cody turned the car quickly to the right and, seeing that there were no cars upon that lonely stretch of road, he then flipped the headlights off again. Silently, we glided along searching, probing, for the other car and our opponents. As we pulled up to yet another intersection, we looked around us at all of the sleeping houses for a glimpse of the car that was out there somewhere or someplace. Once more, our headlights came on and Cody scanned out surroundings. Then, just as he began to turn the corner, across the street a car's headlights came on and the other car was coming toward us.

Cody accelerated and spun off around the corner. We shot down the blackened street, our headlights the only beacons which led us through the tunnel of the sleeping houses. We could see that Toni was not following us. No headlights shown in the rearview mirror and we did not see the car anywhere. We zipped around the corner to escape, but we turned directly into the glare of headlights.

We were caught.



## *Three Lakes*

It's a hot sunny day, in the high 80's.  
The sky is crystal blue.  
The water is full of many fun activities and games  
like an amusement park — waterskiers, sailboats and  
fishermen everywhere.  
I'm lying in the sun on the pier reading a good  
juicy novel.  
It's so peaceful and relaxing I could fall asleep.  
I hear the people laughing in the water.  
I see the birds flying in the sky and hear the water  
splashing against the shore.  
My dad's transistor radio is playing soft mellow  
Streisand music on the patio.  
Being in Three Lakes makes me feel like a baby  
sleeping in his mother's arms.

*Kathleen Purtell*

## *Snowstorm*

With soft innocence it begins,  
white flakes slowly drifting down,  
blanketing the ground with its whiteness,  
intensifying its fall from the sky.

A beautiful, glistening, white, silent world,  
becomes menacing with the force of the wind,  
whipping icy sculptures into form.  
Changing the quiet calm into a wild catacylsm.

*Julie Suhr*

## *The Silence*

The silence, it deafens.

Soundlessness pierces my eardrums till they burst.

The silence, it threatens.

Quietness pulls the noose tighter around my paranoia.

The silence, it calms.

Sereneness resembles innocence, yet fills me with anxiety.

The silence, it embalms.

Stillness leaves me cold so no blood can encourage my screams.

The silence, it forewarns.

Blankness makes me shutter for reasons I do not know.

The silence, it mourns.

Nothingness surrounds my body in a casement underground.

*Michael Sheehan*

## *Disgust*

Disgust is like a piece of gum stuck under a desk,

Whose time had come and needed a rest;

Reeking of germs the classroom will suffer

Until someone else comes along and eats it for supper!

*James McDermott*



## Winter

In winter the feeling is low and deep and cold.  
The cruelty of it all makes me shiver,  
    and yet I travel this same path.  
My crunching footsteps break the quiet in the white-wooded  
park; the tree drops snow from its arms  
that freezes my head.  
    As I enter civilization again and the streets  
I slip on the ice as my own feet betray me.  
The hardest hit though is the group of youngsters  
    who trap me between the lines of vaulting snowballs.  
— I am a damaged vehicle of war —  
And then as I enter the peace of home  
    The house drips icicle tears that hit my neck  
and spread an icy fever down my back.  
    Hurt has one less syllable, but the meaning is the same.

*Michael Sheehan*



## *Saturday Night*

It was Saturday night,  
and to my delight,  
I just stayed in.  
Can you believe it?  
I sat on my couch,  
looking like a slouch.  
My hair, what a mess!  
And, my God! What dress!  
Red sweatshirt, what a sport!  
With my men's boxer shorts!  
    Sock up,  
    Sock down.  
I was loafing around  
with much felicity,  
as I watched my T.V.  
And my dark, still room  
seemed like a womb  
and no one bothered me.  
And I even got some sleep.

*Margaret Geraghty*

## *The Seasons of the Forest*

Listen to the stream racing by so smoothly!  
Look! The deer has run away, far into the wooded space.  
Smell the flowers in the spring,  
Feel the cold fresh snow of the first winter day,  
The dry rustling leaves of fall.  
Feel the sense of being alone,  
And at peace with God.

*Amy Ceadar*

## *Seminarian Possessed*

*Robert Hausladen*

Did you know that the devil once lived at St. Joe's and still may as far as anybody knows? It's true. Ask any priest. They should know; they conducted the only publicly known exorcism in the state of Indiana a few years ago. Why do you think they had to board up Aquinas Hall? They tell you, of course, that it was for renovations. What they don't tell you is why it had to be renovated.

In the early '70's, there was a young seminarian who left the seminary to live by himself on the third floor of Aquinas. Soon afterwards, people started to notice strange things about him and the room. The seminarian started having attacks and spasms during class and people had to hold him down. The lights in his room were never on at night, but candles could be seen burning from outside. The people next door said the temperature of the adjoining wall kept changing, and they couldn't keep anything next to it because it would melt or freeze. There was also a disgustingly sweet smell that would fill the hall some nights.

Very few people ever spoke to the seminarian again. Even the teachers were afraid of him. No one ever went into his room, until one night some seniors forced a freshman to go in as part of an initiation. They had to get the key from an RA because the door was always locked. The freshman opened the door and immediately began to throw up from the smell. The seminarian was standing in the middle of the room in a brown hooded robe that he had kept from the seminary, and he was plunging a knife into a lamb that was tied and gagged. The seminarian just took one look up, and kept stabbing away.

When the police and the priests arrived, he was still hacking away, and the room was freezing cold. Blood stains were everywhere, and there was a huge pentagram painted on the floor. On the walls, there were santanic messages about the Church and Christ painted in blood. One of the priests looked into the mirror and saw the devil just laughing at him.

No one is sure what happened to the seminarian. Some say he is all right. Others claim he hung himself. The priests refuse to talk about him. They conducted an exorcism in the room, but it didn't seem to work. Although the messages on the walls came off, the pentagram never did. They put on all new tiles, and a pentagram reappeared on them. The room is still below zero, even though the whole dorm is heated. That's why they renovated.

## *The Old Man*

The sun has come up, and with it an old man walks out onto his porch with his morning coffee and sits in his favorite chair.

As he sits, young children start to walk past on their way to school, chattering happily about whatever children talk about. Twenty-five, or thirty years ago he could probably have told you what kind of things they were talking about. He had a son. Seeing those children reminded him of sending his own boy off to school. Yes, he had a son.

Later in the morning he sits and watches the young mothers taking their babies for a walk in a stroller, or leading a toddler by its tiny hand. His son had a son. The old man had gotten a letter last month, or was it two months ago, from his son to tell him he was a grandfather. His son had promised him in the letter to send the old man a picture, so he could see the baby. He now had a grandson too.

Soon the children are on their way home, and the old man watches as they file past and are gone. Maybe there is a letter from his son in the mail today. Maybe instead of the picture they will invite him to come visit, a short journey really, so he can see the baby, hold it, play with it, maybe even get to know it a little before he has to leave. He gets up from the only chair, he only needs one, there's no one else, and goes inside. There is no mail. Actually, that doesn't surprise him, because he knows the letter will come tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow he'll get the letter.

*Melanie Jones*

## *Nightingales*

Heart pounding, I lay and  
stare at the fluffy, white  
ceiling. My arms are no  
longer my own. White shoes  
squeak on sterile white  
floors as the Nightingales  
swoop past, never stopping  
once to ask if I might want  
my arms back or to see if I  
would prefer a non-fluffy room.

Once, someone crept  
into my room at daylight to  
cry over me, but I never  
blinked, I promise. I  
didn't look at them either.  
I didn't want them, do you see?  
They might have come back and  
interrupted me again, and  
I wouldn't like that  
because I have found myself  
to be the most intelligent  
person I know, the only one  
who really understands me.

The last time I tried to talk  
to someone else, they turned  
away from me with tears  
running down their face. I  
can't understand what I said  
that made them so sad.  
So now I only talk quietly  
to myself, but very, very  
quietly, (shhh . . .) or the  
Nightingales outside might hear,  
. . . and come to take me away.

*Melanie Jones*



## Made in America

by Robert Hausladen

All I see is "Made in Japan." My stereo's Sony, the speakers: Toshiba; my TV's Sanyo; my computer's Sharp, my car: Toyota, and all my clothes have got the stupid "Made in Japan" tag. The problem: my dad's unemployed. Those Japs got all our money and our industries. The solution: buy American? What? and get stuck with trash! No, I'm talking about the only reasonable solution: make Japan a state. That way we keep the money and the jobs in the country.

I know what you're saying, "Hey, that's a great idea. How do we do it?" Well, that's the great thing about it. I've done everything for you already. Last week I sent a letter to Japan officially inviting them to become a state. Of course it may take a little time to get there because I didn't know Japan's zip code, and I figured I'd send it postage due because they've got all the money anyhow. Here's a copy of the letter:

Dear Japan, (I thought "Resident" was too impersonal) I am writing to you as an official delegate of the United States of America (I'm not really but they don't know that) to cordially invite you into this great nation of ours. Yes, we're perfectly willing to forget that nasty Pearl Harbor incident. Hope you don't hold any grudges against Nagasaki and Hiroshima. We really didn't have anything to do with that. It was those Shi'ites only dressed like Americans.

Anyway, during this limited time offer, you too can become part of this great American nation *absolutely, positively free!* Just think, now you can have some real baseball teams to call your own. And, if you subscribe to the American way now, we will give you your very own star on our flag and a great set of Ginsu knives. "What's the catch?" you ask. That's the beauty of this thing, there is none. We'll even give you any national holiday of your choice. So call now (no need to tell them about taxes, war obligations, surrendering their present political system and all of that political mumbo jumbo. We'll get that straightened out later).

Sincerely your friendly  
future fellow American,  
Robert Wickenouwer

"But, Bob," you're saying, "aren't we giving them too much? After all, we got use to our old flag." Not really. We can just tell Witchita they don't need a star anymore, and give theirs to Japan, or we could put their star on back. As for the holiday, we could just combine it with one of our own and have something like Groundhog and Sushi Day.

What if they're hesitant? Well, it's hard to believe such a great offer but you never know with those Japs. Well, I've got that covered too. I've written a similar letter to Canada inviting them to be a state too. I'm preparing a massive propaganda campaign to make Japan want to join the bandwagon. You know Canada would never turn down being a state, and once those Japs catch sight of a bunch of Canadians waving American flags and singing "Come on Japan, be a sport; be a state," how could they turn us down?

Don't worry though. We don't have to get stuck with a bunch of happy Northerners. We can just dump them back on England any time we want. As for Japan, I think this is a whole lot more diplomatic than just going over there and saying, "Give us our money back." Once we get Japan as a state, we may even consider asking the Soviet Union to join. Then again, maybe not. What do we want with a bunch of deadbeat Commies for anyway.



## *My Invincible Summer*

In December I find it cozy to sit  
idly for hours and watch the falling snow.  
An inner elation awakens within.

By mid-January though, the snow has lost most of  
its novelty. What seemed so serene and beautiful in  
December has now become blasé. I pace in listless  
spirits from room to room, hoping to find something  
to do to fill all those snow-filled hours.

Discontentment hangs heavily over my world like an  
unyielding snow cloud. The only thing that keeps me  
going is my invincible summer buried deep beneath  
all those snow-filled thoughts.

*Heather Kathleen Okey*



After hearing about their grandma, the children wanted to hear about Grandpa too. Grandpa was a harder figure to describe than my mother because his moods shifted with the seasons. During the winter, he was as mellow as a bear hibernating for the winter; he even gained about 20 pounds to continue his bear image. However, when spring rolled around and it was time to get the crops out, the weight was quickly lost and he was like a bear with a burr under his tail. As I sat wondering how to describe my father, I remembered a tape that I had made in the ninth grade as part of a family tree project. This had an interview of my dad on it. I searched through our pile of batteries to find a pair that would fit our portable tape recorder. After I had it in working order, I dug around in the tapes until I found the one I wanted. Sitting and listening to it play brought back a lot of memories. One part the kids especially liked was about how different the times were when Grandpa was growing up. My dad's voice, distorted somewhat by the age of the tape, began: "Well, it was a lot different than it is nowadays. We didn't have any running water in the house; we didn't have any electricity, and we had kerosene lights. We had to carry water into the house for bathing and drinking. We didn't get to go like the kids do now days. We never got to go to town often. We had a pretty large size family. Our parents went to town once or twice a month to get groceries but we usually stayed at home because there was not room for all of us to go in the car. Since we didn't get to go much, we always found something else to do. We played games together, and then Dad played the violin or French harp and had us sing along with him. Dad never took lessons on the violin. He was pretty good at it. When a new song came out, my older sisters would sing the song to him and after a few tries he would be able to play it. We had celebrations. On the Fourth of July, he would go down to the creek which was pretty close to us and have a big picnic and go swimming. We always had a big Christmas celebration over at my grandparents. It was a fun life. It is not like it is nowadays. But then, everyone was the same. No one was much better off than we were, and we were happy with what we had."

*Jim*

## *The Prettiest Star*

Way back in my memory  
is the girl I call  
The Prettiest Star  
She burned my heart with a brand  
of cold flames  
cold fire  
and she set my thoughts aflame  
with Love  
a simple Love burning into my mind

Way back in my memory  
is the girl I call  
The Prettiest Star  
Like Venus out of the pounding surf she comes  
She came to me borne upon a silver moonbeam  
Like a beautiful Star  
or a fiery comet flashing through the heavens  
flashing through my memory  
through my heart

Way back in my memory  
is the girl I call  
The Prettiest Star  
Stars can be seen upon the Earth only a very short time  
and like the stars in the evening skies she left  
leaving only a memory  
leaving only the after-image  
the memory of a memory

Way back in my memory is  
the girl I call  
The Prettiest Star  
But now she's gone  
yes she's gone gone gone

*Christopher Helton*

## *Chapter I: Elementary School*

On the first day of school each year, Mother would line up the three of us, Brent, Brenda, and I, on the front lawn and snap a memory of us squinting into the low angle of the sun. They were pitiful photographs of our distorted faces (we looked as if we had just smelled Gramma's cooked cabbage), but Mother didn't mind. She knew we were beautiful children; she merely desired a record of our sizes and shapes, knowing that someday we would grow so big that it will be difficult to imagine us small.

\* \* \*

## *Chapter II: The Fight*

From my position behind the hood of the parked pickup, I could see him walking slowly down the sidewalk toward me. His hands were shoved deep into his pockets and his head hung forward as if he was studying the cracks in the sidewalk. He appeared skinny and frail like a baby deer lost in a dangerous forest. I was a vicious mountain lion, crouching, about to strike, but suddenly I pitied him and wondered at the dilemma I had created.

Earlier that day at recess, a few of my fifth grade friends and I had picked on Rod Johnson. Students often picked on each other to make themselves feel superior, not realizing how cruel they were being. I was seldom picked on because I was considered smart and fairly good looking, but others were not as fortunate. Riding on my pride and sense of superiority that day, I had decided to join in when my friends began ridiculing Rod.

As Rod strode closer, I noticed that he must have been from a poor family. His jeans and shoes were old and worn but he had a fairly attractive coat. I could see why my friends considered him ugly and had teased him. Rod had defiantly stood up to us at recess and we had determined that Rod needed to be "put in his place." Fighting in school was unthinkable because punishment was assured; consequently, I had been elected to confront Rod after school since none of the others lived in town. It seemed so savage to pick on him, but I was a slave to peer-pressure.

Not only did I not want to fight (I rarely did), I also knew it was wrong, but for whatever reason (perhaps in a perverted sort of way I looked forward to describing my brave success to wide-eyed admirers the next day), I lunged out of my hiding place and after my prey.

Rod spotted me, realized my intentions, and fled. With my size advantage I wrestled him to the ground in a sandy, gravel drive and struggled in the blur of conflict.

Suddenly my face exploded. I reeled backward, rubbing sand from my eyes and spitting small hard bits from my mouth. I thought I was spitting out my teeth, but then I realized that it was sand and gravel. When I regained my composure I was incensed. I caught Rod a half block away, grabbed the collars of his sheep skin jacket, and threw him into a muddy ditch adjacent to an empty corn field.

"My new coat!" he wailed, wiping the soil from his jacket. It must have been a prized possession, one of very few he had. Obviously Rod regarded the ruin of his coat as more offensive than any personal insult that I could have inflicted.

As Rod began to bawl, I realized what I had done. Guilt invaded my consciousness like a rushing wall of water; I had no place to hide. My face flamed hot while the rest of my body chilled. A mysterious emotion, a mixture of anger, pity, and sorrow, welled up inside me and spilled out onto my cheeks. I ran for home.

An old lady, standing on the steps outside her backdoor screamed at me in a shrill voice. "I saw what you did, you bully . . . you . . . you evil thing!" She struggled, searching for words, appalling enough to describe my lowliness. "I know who your father is!" She raised her volume another notch. "I'm going to tell him about this and he'll tan your hide good!" She shook her finger so violently that it's a miracle it didn't fall off.

I didn't care if she did tell Father; in fact I hoped she would and that I would be punished. Maybe then I could be relieved of my tremendous guilt. How could I have done such a terrible thing? I felt as if I didn't know myself any more, as if I had turned into something evil. I wished I had never seen the day; it was like gritty sand in my mouth against my gums.

I promised myself then that I would never again allow my friends to persuade me to do something that I knew was wrong. I would be myself, hold my own opinions, walk a different path, and even stand alone if I had to. I didn't realize it then, but this determination would someday have a great affect on my life.

*Bob*



## *A Place*

The River is there for me when  
I need it the most.  
Its rushing water slowly  
relaxes my body.  
The aroma is clean and makes me feel  
new again,  
the River, my place for  
everlasting solitude.

*Laurel Snyder*

## *Boredom*

Boredom is like going out on a date with yourself.  
It is like getting all dressed up with no place to go.  
It is like dancing solo.  
It is like a table for one.

*Bill Gehring*

## *Boredom*

Boredom is like a plain cheese pizza.  
It's all the same color on top.  
Each bite tastes the same.  
It's cheap.  
It's like a Friday night meal during Lent.

*Kelli Costa*



## *Oblivion's Destination*

When a person spends all his time in oblivion, how can he experience any sort of meaning? How can a dizzy man appreciate a painting? How can he look at his wife and children with any sort of love? How can he appreciate life when the sun gives him a headache? A man in perpetual fog walks into walls. And walls are final.

*Ben Likens*



## *Little Half and Half*

Mary had nothing.  
No one to care for or about her.  
Nowhere to stay at night.  
Nowhere to go in the morning.  
No food, no shelter, and only dirty  
rags to wear.  
Mary had nothing.

Mary had no one to tell her pretty  
stories at night, to tuck her into  
the cement on which she slept.  
She had no . . .  
Oh, but I am forgetting.  
Mary did have something.  
She had Joe father.

I American.

Pretty little half and half should have  
been in America. Should have been here  
with us, with Joe father, if only he  
had cared.

I American

said she.

There was nothing but American dreams  
in her stomach, on her back, and over her  
head when pretty little half and half  
no Joe father died.

But sleep easy, little one.  
Maybe next time your mother  
will be American too.

*Melanie Jones*

*Maxwell Street Aesthetics 1987:*  
*3 Shots from the Street*  
*by Robert Blackwood*



## *I'm Beginning to Understand the News*

I don't know where I got the idea, but when I was very young I thought that each of the networks, ABC, NBC, and CBS, showed only one aspect of the news. I thought one of the networks was in charge of covering local news, another in charge of national news, and the other in charge of world news. I guess that shows how aware I was of the world around me; I didn't even understand the news.

I don't think I wanted to either. Why should I have cared what the rest of the world was doing? I was wrapped up in my own little world. My parents' love and caring for me was like a security blanket and I was wrapped up good and tight in (even though I was the second child).

The older I get, the broader my world becomes. Each year the blanket gets a little bit more loose. Now that I am away from home, it seems like there are only a few shreds of the blanket remaining. I can't hide behind my mother's skirt now that it is so far away.

The broader my world becomes, the clearer it is to me that it is a very fuzzy world out there. I can watch the news now and have some kind of idea about what is going on, and it is scary.

Before my sister was born, my mother said that she would really rather have a baby girl; baby girls can't be drafted. My brother John just went to see a Marine recruiting officer and she paced most of the nearly three hours that he was out of her sight. One of the greatest fears is that her children may one day have to fight in a war.

I really wonder what kind of place this world will be for the children that I may some day bring into it.

*Anonymous*

## *Depression*

Depression — Bodily Depression

You wake up and it hits you — you don't wanna be here

You feel so much like shit — you stink

Nothing you do relieves you of this mood — it just kinda lingers

Maybe something good will happen — probably not — not today

There are some days when it just feels good to feel bad.

*Ben Likens*

## *Nightmare or Reality?*

I look under the bed,

Quickly jump in and shut off the lights.

My covers are the only security left.

The walls seem to be closing in on me.

Where is he I wonder . . .

my closet?

under the bed?

or just around the corner?

The slightest sound or movement sends chills up my spine.

My heart is pounding faster as his heavy footsteps come closer.

I pull the covers over my head.

A silent stillness takes over the house again.

My conscience must be playing tricks again.

Every night the same terror.

The BOOGIE MAN?

*Anne Marie Zemke*

# *Lullaby for the King*

*Words by B.J. Hoff*

*Music by Kenny Florez*





## *These Dreams in the Morning*

Dancing late into the night  
shadows play across her face  
her hair a darkling halo strands across her face  
floating upon clouds dancing with the stars  
moonbeam on her face  
shadows up ahead  
Is it Spring or Fall  
could it be Spring or Fall

A light mist rains across the land  
we run into a grey cathedral  
Candles in my eyesight  
her white hand upon my wrist  
a cold breeze blows stirring the white dress  
we can't get much closer than this  
a full moon that hangs over the mist  
look around the sky is a hazy grey  
come closer like this  
Perfume on the wind apple blossoms with the breeze

(Stream of Consciousness #1)

*Christopher Helton*

## Daughter Judas

Come, Daughter.  
Get ready. It's  
almost time to  
go.  
"No, Daddy."  
But, Daughter,  
it's Sunday. We  
must go to pray to  
God.  
"No, Mommy."

Daughter, we will be late.  
Hurry. Don't you want to  
go to church? Pray to God  
our Father?  
"No, Mommy and Daddy, I don't."

What nonsense, Daughter.  
Of course you will go.  
How else will you  
show your love of God?  
"But Mommy and Daddy, I . . ."

Silence, Daughter. We  
have no time left.  
Come . . . "God Damn it!"  
Silence! Using the name of our Father . . .  
"No, Mommy and Daddy, *your* Father!"

Judas! Traitor! Daughter!  
Do you deny He is Our God?  
Are you betraying all  
that we have taught you?

"Dear Mommy, dear Daddy,  
How can I be?  
How can I betray  
what I never believed?"

Come, Judas.  
Tonight I and  
my loyal twelve  
shall dine together.  
"Yes, My Lord."

Judas, stay with me  
tonight to pray to our  
Father. You do believe  
He is our Father?  
"Yes, My Lord, I do."  
Then will you stay?

Judas! Traitor!  
You betrayed both your  
friend and your Father.  
Damn you, Judas! Did you?  
"Yes, My God, I did. But I . . ."

Melanie Jones

## *Always*

I hope  
    always  
to be just  
    What I want  
    to be.  
Your life,  
    heart,  
    soul.

    Your love.  
Everything  
    you  
        Breathe  
        for,  
because you  
    will  
        die  
for me, my love.  
It is our only  
    way to  
    always  
And I  
    will  
    have  
    you  
    . . . Always.

*Melanie Jones*

*For H.S.T.*

Where are you?  
You hated those lying sons of bitches.  
But you couldn't protect us from them.  
Where are you?  
You hated the big money boys  
But it's those boys who are running the country.  
You prized those values which are now extinct.  
You took the heat and saw each job through to the end,  
Taking the unpopular view for most of your life.  
There are no more heat takers — only ass kissers.

Where are you?

*Ben Likens*

*God Passed Me  
on the Street Today*

God passed me on the street today,  
But utter did he not a word.  
He walked to save his people,  
To save them from evil's way.

God passed me on the street today,  
Walking straight and tall.  
He walked for all the sad people,  
He walked for one and all.

God passed me on the street today,  
In many shapes and forms.  
He's seen a little in all of us  
During each new rising morn.

God passed me on the street today,  
And helped me see his way.  
The sun shone brightly,  
Just like each new coming day.

*Karen Butler*

## *Shouldn't Be*

It shouldn't be the intention to see through each other,  
But to see each other through.  
It shouldn't be that you have to love someone,  
Who doesn't love you.  
It shouldn't be that you have to do something  
That you don't want to do.  
But you do, so, QUIT BITCHIN!

*Shawn Nuest*

## *My Favorite Room*

A sweet scent of pipe tobacco  
is in the air.  
I feel cozy as I  
enter inside.  
To my right I see my grandfather  
sitting in a leather chair.  
His hair is still as white as snow.  
We smile and embrace.  
He bends down and takes hold  
of two violins.  
We play till our fingers are worn.

*Laurel Snyder*

## *Po' Folk: What to Do?*

*Robert Hausladen*

The two biggest complaints of people today are of course: we got too many poor people, and there's nothing good on TV. The solution's simple. Take away all public funding and put poor people on gameshows. For the poor it will take away their dependency on the government as well as give them something to do. It'll establish a competitiveness in them as well as provide them with an education, not to mention, the fabulous cash and prizes.

As for the viewer, surveys show that the typical American would rather watch skinny, poor black people scratching and clawing each other for the money they need to survive than some white middle-class suburbanites trying to win pools, furniture for their in-grounds. There could be nothing more exciting than watching three pregnant teens spinning a giant wheel and trying to spell out "Practice what you preach."

Of course some games will have to be altered. "Jeopardy" and "The Brain Game" will have to let up a little on the difficulty of their questions. "The Price Is Right" will have to allow people to either try to steal the items or guess how many food stamps it would take. "The Dating Game" should be called "The Contraception Game" and "Name That Tune"; "Jam That Rap." With these few minor adjustments we'll be able to boost the economy as well as the ratings and put the pride back into America.

Then again, if this game show idea doesn't work, we can just send everyone below the poverty line to foreign nations calling them ambassadors or rock stars. For the mere price of airfare we can be rid of these burdens to society forever.

### **Poor Pool**

Our Core professor explained to us that we are studying the poor until we vomit because statistics state that we too, may be poor, and we should be prepared to deal with it. There's nothing more reassuring than paying \$10,000 a year to learn to be poor. It is having some benefits, though, in that, if statistics hold true, three of the six girls in the class will be poor so I've started a pool among the guys to bet on who'll be living off welfare. We're even going to give half the money to help the three losing girls. An unfortunate drawback may be Joe's plan to get the three girls he draws pregnant to help his chances. Some people are just plain sick.

### **Suburbia Hell**

They warned me but I just would not listen. They tried to tell me just how bad it was but I refused to believe them. Then, it happened. Last weekend I experienced it. I'll never be the same again. I saw SUBURBIA.

Phil, being a real good friend of mine and only recently a suburbanite himself, broke me in slowly. Saturday he showed me the shopping malls where all strolling dead congregate with their credit cards. Then we drove around on all the one-way lanes and saw the simple two-story houses with their green, trimmed lawns and well-kept fences. Every other house had a swimming pool out back and a boat in the driveway. There was even a sign above the main street announcing to all this week's Halloween parade.



Phil showed me the solid four-story brick buildings enclosed within a ten-foot cast iron fence, and told me how his mother, as an Avon Lady, soon learned that "Candyland" used to be such a nice place until they put that housing project in. Worn out, I slept well that night knowing that the police were readily at hand as I had constantly seen them patrolling the streets and making their rounds of the donut shops.

Sunday was a rude awakening. At noon we faithfully attended the local Catholic church. On the way, Phil told me about a church of another religion called the First Assomething and how they have a point system. Members are awarded one point for each convert they bring in and two points for Catholics. Upon seeing seven high school girls entering the church as we approached, I joked to Phil, "this must be the 'bring a high school girl mass.'" Together, we decided that we must get a point for each high school girl we bring.

A little while after sitting down in the church, I proudly turned to Phil holding four fingers aloft and mouthing the number noting the high school girls around us. A few minutes later, though, a family of three sat behind and next to one of our girls. Afraid of losing one of our credits, I turned around, and pointing at the girl, said to them, "She's ours." All of the color left their faces and entered hers. They immediately left with their mouths still open. Phil tells me they have left the Church and joined The First Assomethings.

There were babies everywhere, no pregnant women, just babies. Each couple had at least their two or three children. The babies were the best behaved I've ever seen as if they had been accustomed to Suburbia. They all had that dopey gas smile on their faces, and the babies had it too. As the mass started, the music came booming over the sound system. The organ nearly drowned out the third grade all girls choir but nothing could drown out the mellifluous voice of their teacher, Elmer Fudd.

For the sermon they had invited one of the local residents to speak on the joys of tithing as his dear, faithful wife sat behind him to support him and smile. He went on about how he and his wife were so generous because they gave so much even though it hurt a little and how others could be just as kind as them and tithe too. All I could think about was how I wished the reading had been on the widow's silent coin. Meanwhile, he kept going on about how their children gave away 10% of their allowance so all the other kids could too.

Leaving mass, I was still stunned. Fortunately, though, we took a break from Suburbia that afternoon. Two blocks out of "Candyland," streets turned to alleys and had names like 29th and Kelly, instead of Margaret, Marigold, and Daisy. Pools, boats, and driveways disappeared, and yards became grass strips. The houses became rundown, and the police no longer made their frequent rounds except with lights flashing and sirens blaring. We were back.



### *Stagnant Puddle*

The stagnant puddle  
becomes a trap for my feet.  
I move clumsily

and stare blankly at  
the strangers around me who  
say they are my friends.

A jogger runs by.  
A foaming-mouthed dog trails close,  
but notices me.

The stillness of the  
wilderness is shattered by  
a screaming warhead.

*Michael Sheehan*

Initials in wood-love framed in nature  
cut by the steel of mankind's forgery.

Arrow pierces the surrounding heart  
which cries of bloody tears  
— So to love's endless years.

*Michael Sheehan*

### *The Moment*

The time is right.  
The place is right.  
She is who you want.  
ERNT!  
"Take a hike," she said.

*Shawn Nuest*

### *Winter Time*

The ground is covered with feathery white snow.  
The cool crisp air bites through my coat.  
I watch my step so as not to slip.  
I hurry through the grotto thinking of my next class,  
and hoping he lets us out early so I can return to  
the warmth of my dorm.

*Kathleen Purtell*

## *My Father*

*(imagined sitting by a lake he has never seen)*

Life drops away slowly, leaf by leaf.

- The sap descends, the body shrinks and wrinkles, and the leaves fall one by one.

I look out upon my life which means to look back upon the past.

What's done is done and not to come again.

The wind is cold along the lake — I must go in.

My bones and sinews do not move.

My time will someday come.

A brown leaf that was red a week ago blows loose and flutters through the branches, drifting and spinning round its stem.

My past, a woods full of unrecorded deeds:

love for one woman

sacrifice for five children

loyalty to one country

obedience to one church

fear of one God.

To these I gave my life, not in one swift moment of strength,

but slowly, drop by drop, deed by deed, leaf by leaf

where there were no poets to catch the sound of the spinning leaves.

The wind is cold, the air is damp

and I listen to the cries I have answered all my life.

Mindless ducks quack and win my smile.

Car horns blare in derision, anger, need, and tighten my sinews as the air cannot.

The breeze ripples passed like the cry of children, and I hug my arms and sing softly

to soothe God's loved ones, but the cold air blows on.

The branches are nearly all bare, the acorns nearly all gathered,

and the squirrels sport along the limbs before the snow falls.

Today a blue jay screeched from a swaying branch.

What will he do when the snow falls?

But that will not be my time.

My time will come.

My bones ache.

I am tired but cannot sleep at night.

The deeds are fewer, slower, but are no different from those of the spring.

My times will come, and I will go, obedient to the end.

*John D. Groppe*

## Catharsis

Dear Dad,

I was your first child, the daughter who arrived when you wished for a boy.

I'm the daughter who helped you set up the tent when our family went camping.

I'm the daughter who tried to show mother the error of her ways in not providing basement space for your inventions.

I'm the daughter who always wanted to drive the car — whom you let drive on a lonesome road in northern Michigan while you pretended to snooze.

I'm the daughter whose proudest moment was when you signed up to be responsible for a driving license when I was sixteen. (You bought me *real* leather driving gloves with fur lining.)

I'm the daughter who married an artist for love. You drove hundreds of miles to attend our wedding. "Do not think," you said, "that just because you have made your bed, you have to lie in it." How could I have expected you to understand an artist? Yet, you grew to like him very much for the male support he gave you among us females.

I'm the daughter whom you thought wrong in persuading you to enter the nursing home. You knew when you gave me Power of Attorney that all independence was lost. I knew it, too.

I'm the daughter whom you strapped as a child, saying: "This hurts me worse than it does you." The "hurt" became reversed.

I'm the daughter who directed every cent of your assets to your care. But you could not believe.

I'm the daughter who refuses a legacy of distrust.

With love,

R.I.P.

Sigrid Smith

*Beside the Iroquois  
January 17, 1988  
Waiting for Lightning  
in the Afternoon  
On the Day After her Death*

I walk to the paddock  
And Whisper asks  
"Where to today?"  
So she walks.

We come to our place  
Beside the river.  
She is happy,  
Dancing in the water  
Feeling her strength, her beauty, her aliveness.

I sit and think,  
Hear the flute I once played  
Smell the land  
That folds around us like fabric  
And lets me watch without being seen.

She entices me to smile, to forget,  
But not today.  
I sit and feel the silence  
letting it blanket and lead me  
To perhaps where Lightning has gone.

Where are you?  
How do you feel?  
"I miss her," I tell Whisper.  
She nods, and I turn my head  
To watch as the river flows  
And begins to fill my empty soul.

*Shiona Ward*



## Checkerboard

A red checker  
Surrounded by friends and enemies  
Some spare themselves for the benefit of others  
Not me  
My goal:  
To fight through the strategic moves of the enemy  
To be crowned with honors  
To rise above the rest  
But just as I make it to the top  
Someone bumps the checkerboard  
And the checkers fall off

Kelli M. Costa

## How to Survive a Snowy Saturday at Home

How did I survive this Saturday?  
I sat in a green pillow rocking chair,  
Feet on hassock and level in the air,  
as howling wind blasts made storm's glass rattle,  
my emotions in battle!

I sat reading Groppe's textbook, *In Print*,  
an old Derby column by Jimmy Cannon,  
and story of a Mexico city named Albarracin,  
Then two stories about Tieg and Schlafly,  
This whole thing is making me daffy!

From rocker I moved to a swivel chair and brown desk,  
To hand script a poem for Kerlin's class,  
this poem went from worse, to rotten, to best,  
If only, I could get to Trail Tree for a rest!

As snow kept falling, blowing and piling higher,  
I felt as if I was going to die here!  
I returned to Saint Joe's text,  
*Electronic Age News Editing* was next —  
Trying to learn what those editor's symbols are —  
It's still snowing too much for driving my car!

James Rusk

## *How to be a Couch Potato*

*Julie Suhr*

I know that you envision the scene, a human blob vegetating on the couch, TV blaring, glazed open eyes. The observer thinks that the immobile piece of humanity has no redeeming value, but actually becoming a couch potato takes a great deal of calculation, manipulation, and planning. Couch potatoes may not look like much, but actually they are the ones that hold the power in the household.

To become an effective couch potato, you may have to overcome some problems. There are two different approaches on how to solve the problems, the autocratic approach and the creative approach. I personally prefer the autocratic approach as it takes less time to get results. Below are some common problems of a couch potato and the methods used to solve them.

Problem One: Getting the couch.

If someone is already on the couch the autocratic approach is to immediately pull rank and order them off the couch. If they seem to balk at the order, you can physically pull them off it if they are smaller than you, or you can threaten them with no food for a week.

The creative approach is to tell them they received an important phone call from 1) friend, 2) boyfriend, 3) boss and that they are supposed to return the call at that time.

Problem Two: Someone making a move toward the couch before you can get there.

Using the autocratic approach you can give a choice of taking out the garbage or sitting in a chair. For some reason, they will always choose to sit in a chair.

The creative approach is to tell them that the dog threw up on the couch and you haven't had a chance to clean it up.

The other main problems a couch potato may encounter is how to get nourishment without leaving the couch and how to turn the TV channel. Of course, the onset of the remote control has solved the problem of the TV channel, however, obtaining nourishment will require some patience. If you wait long enough, someone will eventually get up to go to the bathroom, go the kitchen for food, or go to bed. You merely tell them that as long as they're up, they might as well get what you need.

Warning: Experience has shown that they may not do this willingly. If this is the case, it may be necessary to load on the guilt. You may do this by making statements such as: "I've worked very hard today so that you may eat" or "I think I'm sick and can't move, you are younger than I, or I carried you for nine long months and this is all I ask," and so on.

As studies have shown, it takes deep concentration and pre-planning to become an effective couch potato.

## *Poor Little Greenie*

Late to school the very first day,  
Teased by the seniors in every way.  
Getting all kinds of strange looks,  
Falling down the stairs and dropping all his books.

The teacher laughs at him when he comes in late for gym  
Because he forgot to watch the clock.  
He also forgot the combination  
Of his brand new school-owned lock.

Now he's at lunch,  
The line seems awfully long.  
Listen to the register ding.  
Before he takes one bite,  
He hears the class bell ring.

He rushes off to English for the spelling test.  
His stomach is in an angry state of unrest.  
As he writes down the next vowel,  
His stomach begins to growl.

At last school is over,  
His worries are not through.  
The face of the little greenie now turns to blue.  
He starts to cuss because he missed the bus,  
And now he goes boo-hoo!

*Amy Ceadar*

## *A Romance of Errors*

*by Christopher Helton*

The cafeteria is a quiet place. Two large rooms, one with the two serving lines and the drink counter, and the other, larger room with the salad bar and the eating area. The eating area is well lit, with harsh white lights and large windows opposite the entrance. Many tables and chairs are scattered throughout the eating area, and she is sitting at one of the tables near the large windows.

She is a freshman. For her it is the first time away from the home, and the stability of the home. She is not coping well. She takes drugs. She was once a dancer in her home town, but now the only tune to which she dances is the tune of the drugs she takes. She has a reputation as a partier among the dorm people and the frat boys. Right now she is recuperating from a party over the weekend.

Dark sunglasses cover her eyes and protect them from the light that, to her, is too bright. Her pupils are mere pinpricks, and they are surrounded by thin crimson lattices. Her eyes are dark and hollow from a lack of sleep over the weekend. In her right hand is a cigarette, one that she had to borrow because she has no money. The cafeteria is unusually warm for the southern afternoon but she is wearing long, heavy clothing. For her, the afternoon is not bright and sunny.

David, a friend of hers and also a freshman, has just entered the eating area. He is tall and thin, with short blond hair. He is a quiet, nervous person. He is carrying a tray with his lunch on it. The two of them are good friends. They first met at a frat party, a dance. Their friendship is close; it has grown over the months that they have known each other, but her drugs are coming between them. David is also a partier, but not to the extreme of Christine. David goes to parties to enjoy himself; she parties to forget. David has deep feelings for her, feelings that he feels he can not admit to her.

David has come to the cafeteria at this time because he wants to see her. David is missing a class to be there, but he does not care. He cares about nothing except her. He knows that now is the time — one of them must go. Christine will have to choose between the drugs or David.

*David:* We, Christine and I, met at a dance for some fraternity rush party, a fifties dance. I knew a lot of the brothers and I was talking to them, when this girl walked into the place where they were having the dance. She was beautiful, with her long black hair and the way she walked like an animal on the hunt, but she was there with some little guy, so I was disappointed. But there was just something about her that sort of stunned me, took my breath away and turned me on. All through the evening I just watched her. Even if I was dancing with some other girl I just couldn't look away.

Boy, was she different. She danced better than any of the other girls at the dance, and she was just more flamboyant than any of them. Everybody knew there was something about her, everybody watched her. Some of the brothers and I talked about her, but none of them knew who she was. Other guys tried to keep up with her on the dance floor, but none of them could. She was the envy of all the guys, except for those embarrassed few who had tried to dance with her, and all the girls were jealous of her.

"Who is that slut?" The girls would ask each other.

In between a couple of songs one of the brothers who had been dancing with her came over to the side of the dance floor where I had been standing and brought her over with him. I tried to talk to her, but I was just tongue-tied around her. For once, I was speechless. Then the music started up again.

"So, do you want to dance or what?" she asked me.

"Uh, Yeah. Sure. Let's dance." I said to her.

I couldn't believe what happened next. When we went to dance, we danced as if we had one mind guiding our two bodies. We danced really great together, and everyone else knew it. The other people were just staring at us as we danced. I knew. I could feel their eyes.

The one thing was that I hadn't asked what her name was, but I planned to when the dance was over. And then, when the end of the dance came, she had vanished like Cinderella or something. I asked the brothers about her, but none of them even knew who she was let alone where she lived, and the guy that she had come to the dance with had left earlier with some other chick. I didn't know what to do.

I just sort of wandered around the campus for a few days, wondering who she was and where she had disappeared to, and where I could find her. Then one day, I literally walked into her again one afternoon out on the Commons behind the University Center.

When I saw her again, it was like nothing else was going on in the world. If anyone walked passed us, I didn't know about it, and I don't think she did either. At first we just stared at each other, and then I spoke.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm Christine, and you?" She replied, her beautiful black hair down in her face partially covering her mischievous big brown eyes. I was in love.

"David, my name is David." I managed to ungracefully stammer out of my unwilling mouth.

David smiles as he remembers their first meeting, which seems to him to be a lifetime ago. Christine's drug problem is much worse now than it was when they first met. He walks toward her. Christine is depressed, due to the stimulants that she has just come down from, but she smiles a weak, nervous, smile when he approaches the table. David sits across the table from her and puts his tray down on the table.



"Hey," David says in his quiet voice. "How was your weekend?" David's question falls on deaf ears.

Christine stares out the window near the table, watching the students walk passed. It is still early in the afternoon so the cafeteria is not very busy. She drags on her cigarette and tries to remember what happened over the weekend. Bits and pieces of memories float around in her drug-fragmented mind. Memories of smoke and laughter filter through her subconscious. Finally, memories stick to one another and a picture begins to form in her mind. Slowly she comes out of herself to answer David's question.

"God, the weekend was rough," she starts, talking in her low husky voice. "First, Richard got a couple of grams of pot, and we smoked that Saturday night. Then he felt that wasn't enough, so we went out and got a fifth of vodka and then we played Quarters until I passed out. Really, that's all that I remember about last weekend."

*Christine:* It was Friday night, and I started out in my room. David had to go home for the weekend to watch his younger brother. Nothing to do at the Keg or around campus, none of the parties were interesting. I decided to call Richard.

"Hey, baby, whats happening?" Richard asked. The phone connection wasn't good, but I could tell that he was already stoned and it wasn't even eight yet. I wanted to join him. I needed to get away on a magical mystery tour, as Richard called his sessions with drugs.

"That's why I called you. What are you doing?"

"Nothing much. Just Conan and I getting stoned and listening to some Zep." he said.

"I'll come right over."

"We'll be waiting."

"Bye."

David looks at the pained expression on her face and he wonders why she does these things to herself. He thinks how he would like to kill Richard for doing these things to her, for introducing the drugs which are now a part of her. Slowly he shakes his head. "Why do you do these things to yourself?" he asks.

"Life is hard," she says. "Sometimes you just want to run and hide. Everyone needs an escape; you read and I take drugs. Isn't life a bitch sometimes?"

David tries to look into her eyes to see if she really believes what she has said, but all he sees is his own reflection upon the dark glass of her sunglasses through the smoke of her cigarette. David wonders how many times he has heard her tell him that. Once? Six times? He has lost track of the lies that Christine's drugs have made her tell him. He still cannot find out what she is hiding from him after all this time.

"Nothing can be as hard as you say it is," he says to her.

"Oh really?" Christine says. "Well then look through my eyes sometime." She then pulls the dark sunglasses off from over her eyes to show her dark, sunken eyes. "Look through my eyes."



David: It was my nineteenth birthday party when I first realized how bad Christine's drug problem was. I remembered walking across the campus to Christine's dorm with Mike, my room mate.

Mike had to almost physically push me to the party. "Come on," Mike said, urging me towards the more expensive dorms across the street from our dorm. "Christine is waiting."

"I don't want to go," I said to him.

"We've been planning this all week, so enjoy yourself."

We went to the door of Christine's dorm. Mike gave me the stuff he was carrying and he said "Here, make yourself useful," and then he picked up the telephone beside the door to the dorm. He dialed the number of Christine's floor.

"Yeah. Can I speak to Christine in room 324, please? Yes, I'll wait." Mike said into the telephone. There was a brief pause while we waited, and then, "Hey, Christine, it's us. Wanna come down and bring us up to your room? Okay." Mike put the receiver back on the wall and turned to me. "She'll be right down," Mike smiled. "You'll enjoy this. Now smile."

Christine came to the door. She was dressed in a black tee shirt and dark jeans. She had her long, dark hair pulled back into a tight pony tail. She had a drink in her right hand and was really drunk, and she also looked stoned. She got a big smile on her face and said, "Happy Birthday, David." She reached over and pulled me up close and gave me a hug with her left arm. "Happy Birthday," she whispered into my ear as she kissed me wetly on the cheek.

Christine lead us up the stairs to the top floor of the dorm and then to her room. In the room were a couple of my friends and Richard. Richard was tall; he played basketball in high school. He also had dark hair, but his was cut short. Richard was also wearing a tee shirt and an old faded pair of jeans. He had a drink in his hand and his eyes were glazed from whatever crap he was taking. I never liked Richard, and Christine knew it, but he was her supplier, and he had to come to one of her parties if she wanted to keep getting her stuff.

The party went on, without me getting into a fight with Richard. We all got drunk and laughed and had a good time. But I had a suspicion about the way that Christine was acting. She had been trying to tell me something. Finally I said to her, "Did you *trip* over anything this evening?"

"How did you guess?" Richard asked me.

"Just some subtle hints," I said. "I'm a better observer than you think." I finished my drink and went into the other part of Christine's room.

The party continued. Someone decided to move the party over to our room, probably Mike without thinking to ask me first, oh well. Mark and I took the cooler with the alcohol over to the room. Mark and I moved the cooler into the elevator and up to the fourth floor. Then, we had to run it past all the people on the floor that were partying, without any of them getting into the stuff, and into my room.

Everyone else got there a little later. I turned on my stereo and put on one of my tapes. "Changes" cut through the air at the stereo's full volume. Everyone started partying again, and for a while nothing happened. Then, Richard came running into the room out of breath.

"Is Christine in here?" he asked.

Everyone said no. Then I think it was Mike who asked, "Why, isn't she with you?"

Richard answered, "No, she started to freak, and then she ran away from me. I'm afraid she might have run off."

Oh my God, was all that I could think. For a few moments everyone just stood there, stunned. Then, I decided if we were going to find Christine, someone had to take charge. "All right," I said. "Everyone split up and take a floor of the dorm. Meet out front when you're done." Everyone ran out. Mark and I went down to the third floor to search for her. Once we got away from everyone else, I cracked and panicked. "Do you think she's all right?" I asked Mark.

"I don't know," was all he could say. "I just don't know."

Five minutes passed and we met out front. No one had found Christine yet. In front of everyone else, I remained in control. "Let's search the grounds. Mike, you and Richard search the back of the dorm up to the business building. You two search the other dorm over there. Mark and I will work our way across the street over toward the jogging course," I said.

Mark and I walked out toward the jogging course, to the west of the dorm. "Christine!" Mark called out. I yelled to her, "CHRISTINE!" We couldn't find her. Then, I thought of something, and suggested that we should go over to Richard's room. I ran over there, and Mark tried to keep up.

Richard had found her. She was sitting in the dark of Richard's room, thank God that he always kept it unlocked, crying. "It's so dark. Please help me. Don't let them get me," she said in between her sobs.

"Don't worry," I said. "I wouldn't let them get you."

David realizes that all he has gone through with Christine has been for nothing, and his bubbling anger comes to the surface.

"Don't give me any of your crap," David says, grabbing Christine's left wrist. "You look at your life. With your drugs, you've screwed up your life so bad you don't know up from down. You don't have family problems —" David is yelling at her now and she is beginning to cry. "— that's the drugs talking. You need help," David pauses and lowers his voice, trying to restrain his frustrated anger. "If you want it, I will help you. If not, then just say so and I'll leave." His grip tightens in anger.

"You're hurting me," she says. She starts sobbing quietly. David stares at her with cold anger in his eyes. "Tell me what you want *now*," he says.

Christine begins sobbing loudly. Between sobs she gasps out, "Help me." She collapses on the table, a mass of uncontrollable sobs. David looks at her, the look of love has faded — it is still there but not as strong. With the look of love in his eyes there is also a look of pity now.

*David:* Things are finally going all right with us. For the past few months I have been trying to help Christine finally kick her drug habit, and keep her away from Richard.

When Christine told Richard that she is going to stop using drugs, they had a fight in her room and broke a lot of stuff. I got a phone call from her that night.

"I'm going to do it." she says.

"Do, what?"

"I'm going to stop all this crap and straighten out my life. I'm tired of all of this anyway."

Yes, things are finally going fine. Christine and I are becoming closer than we were before. I hope this goes on forever. And, if I know Christine, it will go on forever. Maybe this is the girl for me, Ms. Right.

At last, things are going well for Christine and David but then, one Saturday night, all of it is shattered when David calls up Christine.

"Yeah, can I talk to Christine in room 324, please? Tell her it's David."

Christine answers after a pause. Her voice sounds tired and drained of emotion, "Hello?"

"It's me, David."

"Oh, hi."

"What are you doing?" he asks.

"I'm moving out of the dorm."

"What? Where . . . when?" he stammers.

"I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I'm all packed already."

"Why?"

"I just can't cope anymore. My father's here. I gotta go. I'll come by tomorrow and say good-bye to you and Mike." He never sees or hears her again.

David's life ends with that telephone call. To him life without Christine is not life at all. David stops going to class a few days after this. He cannot concentrate on anything. All David sees is Christine's face whenever he looks at something. Life is over for David.

*Christine:* I hope that David understands why I had to go. He's been trying to get in touch with me for weeks, but I just haven't wanted to write to him. I hope he understands.

Dear David,

I'm sorry I haven't written to you since I left . . .

*David:* Maybe, I'll get over all of this if I try to write out what I was feeling, and what I thought that Christine was feeling. Maybe everything that happened while we were together will make sense if I put it all together. Maybe I can figure out why Christine left. Let's see.

"The cafeteria is a quiet place. Two large rooms, one with the two serving lines and the drink counter, and the other larger room with the salad bar and the eating area. The eating area is well lit, with harsh white lights and large windows opposite the entrance. Many tables and chairs are scattered throughout the eating area, and she is sitting at one of the tables near the large windows.

"She is a freshman. For her it is the first time away from home, and the stability of the home. She is not coping well. She takes drugs. She was once a dancer in her home town, but now the only tune to which she dances is the tune of the drugs she takes. She has a reputation as a partier among the dorm people and the frat boys. Right now she is recuperating from a party over the weekend."

That's a good start. Maybe I can make some sense out of our romance of errors.

## *Hidden Love*

The most painful type of love there is  
Is love that's left unknown.  
A love that cannot be expressed,  
Affection left unshown.  
It's a love that hides behind a mask,  
Of happiness and glee.  
Yet all that's felt deep down inside  
Is pain and misery.  
It's love that tries to hide away  
How much it really cares.  
It keeps locked within its heart  
The feelings flowing there.  
This love withholds touching,  
Afraid of what it would say  
And the most painful thing about Hidden Love,  
Is that it never hides away.

*Karen Butler*

*Victory of the Lamb*  
*Kenny Florez*



*In the Breaking of the Bread*  
Kenny Florez

## *The Big Picture*

My mother always said she wanted a big family. She got what she wanted. Our family is big. Five kids and my parents, and last week my mom told me she was thinking of having another baby. I almost died! Oh well, I'll get to that later.

When my mother divorced and was remarried, we were enlarged by one. Michael is my father's son from a previous marriage. It was a new experience having a brother in the family. I was used to being the oldest of three girls. Now, though, I had to be on the look out for toilet seats being left up and the likes. I couldn't walk around the house in my underwear, either. Michael lives with his mother in Ohio, but he comes and stays with us for all major holidays and for at least three weeks in the summer.

In the fall of 1982, another addition to our family was made. John Harold Coxon was a beautiful baby. He was the first thing that my mother and father had actually created together, and I couldn't help feeling a pang of jealousy at the thought of them loving him more than the rest of us.

Now that I'm away at college, I hardly ever see Michael. We were never very close, but he was always very big for his age and very athletic. Since I loved to play basketball, or any kind of sport for that matter, Michael was always my target. My younger sisters were never any competition. Michael is also very intelligent. He was at least at a 10th grade level when he was in 7th grade. It amazed me what he knew and what we could hold interesting conversations about.

John was another story. He never really liked me when he was younger. Until he turned about four, my dad and my sister Jenny were his favorites. No one else even compared to Jenny and my dad as far as John was concerned. All that changed when John turned five, though. I was now up there in ranking. I loved to teach John how to add simple numbers, or to teach him his address and phone number.

One day, my mom and I were sitting at the table with John. He had just come back from Sunday School, and he was telling us what he had learned. Then we started to talk about love and who John loved.

John said, "I love Jesus 8 million, I love Daddy 7 million, I love Jenny 6 million, I love Lisa and Mommy 5 million and I love Dutchess 4 million."

Dutchess is our dog. She is Black Lab and German Sheppard, and she's huge.

"Well, what about Laura?" I asked. Laura is next closest in age to me. She has always been the black sheep of the family and John picked up on this, loving to tease her.

"Oh, I love Laura 3 million, then," John said with a grin on his face. At least I ranked above the dog.

It was especially hard for me to leave for school, partly because of John. When John realized I would be leaving home and not be living there, he became very upset. Everything he made in pre-school after he found out, he said was for me.

I will never forget when I called home a week or so before Thanksgiving break. I was talking with my mom and going over the usual "so how are things at home/school, anything new going on?" routine, when I asked if John was home. He was and I asked to talk to him.

"Hi, John. Are you being a good boy? You are? That's good, what are you doing now?" I asked him.

John paused and then said, "I broke my nose almost."

"Oh no, what did you do?"

"I was jumping off the couch and Mom told me not to but I did anyways, and I broke my nose," he said.

My mom got back on the phone and said that he didn't break his nose but that it was a little bruised, but he was jumping off the couch when he shouldn't have been. Then she told me to hang on a minute, John wanted to tell me something else.

"Lisa, I miss you and love you a lot and I want you to come home right now!" he said in one breath.

"Oh John, I love you too, but I can't come home right now. I will be home for Thanksgiving to have turkey and then for Christmas to open presents, but I can't come home right now."

How do you explain things like that to a 5-year-old? I said goodbye and hung the phone up, wanting to cry. I suddenly couldn't wait to get home for Thanksgiving and I even considered going home that weekend, even though I'd have to go home again the weekend after.

I decided I'd wait until Thanksgiving, and when I got home John was waiting for me at the door. He came running up to me and jumped into my arms. I was glad to be home.

John disappeared upstairs and came back down holding something behind his back. As usual, I had to close my eyes and hold out my hands. When I was allowed to open them, I was holding a half gallon milk carton with the sides cut out. On the top were popsicle sticks, glued on to form a roof. The carton was decorated with blue glitter in a childish manner.

John beamed and said, "It's a wishing well and I made it at school for you. It's to take back to school with you so you can get what you wish for."

I smiled and thanked John. The wishing well really touched me. I thought it was sweet and I never loved my little brother more.

Needless to say, I forgot to bring it back to school with me, but it was packed in a package my mother sent me. That wishing well means a great deal to me. I think about John and my family every time I look at it sitting there on my dresser. And I do wish, too. I wish that things were still as they used to be. I wish I still had the family closeness from day to day that I always had before starting college. I wish that John didn't have to miss me so much and say, "I miss you and love you and come home right now."

John might not have to miss me so much though. When I was home, my mom and I sat down to talk. She told me that she was sad thinking about John growing up with no one his age to be with. I didn't know what to tell my mom. Nine years separate John and Jenny, and she really isn't interested in playing Transformers anymore.

"I'm not too old to have another baby, am I?" my mom asked.

"Of course you're not, but if you're going to, you better do it now," I told her.

"I was thinking of it, so John would have someone around his age. So he wouldn't be so lonely since Eric left."

Eric Bean was John's first playmate when we moved to Libertyville. The Beans moved to Texas after we had been in the area for a little over a year. John was devastated.

"Actually," Mom said, "I was thinking of adopting a child. That way, it would be easier to voice an age preference and have a child much closer to John's age."

I thought it sounded like a fine idea. Then my parents would have two children home even after my sisters were gone too. I don't think my parents would know what to do with only one child around from day to day.

In addition, another child in our family would make the picture even bigger.

*Lisa*

## *The Dandelions*

Snow white flowers whose life is short  
intrigued me when I was a little girl.  
My eyes were delighted by their beauty.  
I wanted to share the beauty that I had found.  
I picked a bunch to give to my mother.

My excitement over the flowers could not be contained.  
Excitement filled me and I began to run.  
Faster and faster; I just could not go fast enough.

I did reach my mother. She grinned down at me.  
"Heavy," she inquired, "what have you got there?"  
My body trembled with excitement but it was at that  
moment I made a discovery.

The dandelions had died; the wind had whisked them away  
to amuse some other little girl.  
My eyes filled with tears as I handed her the stems.  
"That bad wind took my gift away," I sobbed.  
My mother smiled and picked me up.

"I've always thought the stems to be much prettier,"  
was all that she said.

*Heather Kathleen Okey*

*Aunt Kate's House*  
*at 2:45 p.m.*  
*July 6, 1986*

My mother, my sister and her boyfriend, and I  
Went to Aunt Kate's House in early July.  
After we'd visited a half hour or more,  
Kate brought out some tea and started to pour.

Leighton, a young man of eighteen,  
Gave us the strangest look we'd ever seen –  
"She's English," I said.  
"You see, and hot tea is a custom  
at a quarter to three."

Kate is a woman of four score and ten.  
She likes tennis shoes, MTV, and good-looking  
men.

Kate looked at Leighton, and said with much glee,  
"Do you like older women?"  
"I do," he said, "but you're too young for me."  
Leighton looked at Kate with a wink and a glance,  
and said, "Turn on some music, I want to dance."  
He didn't mean my sis, who was really his date.  
His partner that day could only be Kate.

They stepped round the floor in a frenzied whirl.  
He could handle the music, but not the old girl.  
He said, "I've never laughed so hard in my life.  
I don't want Leann. Will you be my wife?"  
Though it was all said in play,  
It really brightened the old woman's day.

*Amy Ceadar*



## *Josephine O'Donnell Adams*

My mother is very much like her mother, Josephine O'Donnell Adams. My Grandma Adams babysat me when I was a toddler. Because of this fact and the fact that I was the oldest grandchild, I was always very close to her. She was the best! I learned so much from her, such as how to make a peanut butter sandwich, how to tie my shoes, and how to get along with other people. Grandma told me zillions of hilarious stories, played senseless games with me, and made me feel good about myself. Because of my relationship with my grandmother, I never feared old people.

I only saw my grandmother cry once. It made my stomach turn, because it was my fault. When I was about ten, I begged grandma to let me see her special pearl necklace, which my deceased grandfather had given her. She did not want to take the precious treasure out of its box, but I continued to whine and she finally gave into my pleading. She cautiously held the prized possession up for me to view. However, the clasp broke and the pearl fell to the ground and rolled under the four-poster bed, never to be found. Her bright silver hair seemed to dim and her huge blue eyes filled with tears. I felt so incredibly guilty. There was no way I could make it up to her, no matter how hard I tried. Nonetheless, grandma never blamed me. That was the type of person she was. She did not hold a grudge. She put bad things behind her and moved onward.

My beautiful Grandma Adams died when I was a freshman in high school. I did not shed a tear until about a year later when I finally realized she was not coming back. My mother was angry with me because I was the only grandchild that did not cry at the funeral. I could not help it; the tears would not flow. I now believe I was in shock. Somehow I believed that if I did not cry, it would all be a bad dream and my favorite grandmother would come back. Such was not the case.

I still miss Grandma. Sometimes I will sit alone and talk to her. I really think she is listening. She would never ignore anyone, not even a stranger. Her name was Josephine, a grand name for a grand lady.

*Amy*



## *I Like It*

I met a girl  
her name is Teela  
it's a queer name but I like it  
We go out often  
she drinks a lot  
she gets very sick but I like it  
We're now going steady  
we exchange rings  
I can't wear hers but I like it  
She says she loves me  
I can't complain  
she's a phony but I like it  
She holds me closer  
our lips unite  
her actions are cheap but I like it  
We get too involved  
I can't decide  
she confuses me but I like it  
I tell her no  
our togetherness ends  
oh well, that's life and I like it

*Michael Sheehan*

## *Where Did Mrs. Humphrey Go?*

I am walking to red bricked Monnett,  
Mind troubled by financial debt.  
In this house, I schooled grades three through six.  
Today my life is in an awful fix.

A yellow door is open wide.  
Fearing a guard, I step inside,  
Walking down the cold tile floor,  
Stopping at every door,

Reading teachers' names letter by letter,  
Looking for some way of feeling better.  
No teachers' names do I know.  
Where did Mrs. Humphrey go?

I stood before an empty room's silent door,  
Wishing myself a child again, in grade four,  
Remembering that Iron Katherine once had cried  
The awful day her husband died.

*James Rusk*

## *Eighth Birthday*

I had come to hate all holidays or special occasions. All of these gatherings were performed with great grandeur. They were special events that were a dreary day in my life.

My birthday was least favorite. It was always celebrated on a large scale. I always got the gifts I wanted. I always had the kind of party I wanted. But even though I always got my way, I can't remember a birthday I didn't cry.

My eighth birthday was one of my favorites. It was one of the best, if not the best, I ever celebrated. My parents went all out for the occasion. I had invited fourteen friends. All of my relatives on my mother's side were also present. It was a costume party. There were ghosts, witches, a Pillsbury Doughboy, a Fred Flintstone, clowns, an Indian, and various others. It was everyone's chance to try out their Halloween costumes early. There were many games in which the winner received a prize. I was upset that I had to give up my prize to someone else if I won.

The door prize was for best costume. I was supposed to be able to choose the winner. I chose Fred Flintstone. My mother was unhappy with my choice. Fred was the only store bought costume. But I liked it. Fred Flintstone was my favorite cartoon character. I wanted it to be the winner. My mother disagreed. She wanted a girl in an authentic Indian costume to win. I didn't like the girl much, so I protested. My mother took me to her bedroom and gave me the worst spanking of my life. With teary eyes I had to return to the party. The girl dressed as an Indian had her prize. I hated the girl. She had been the cause of my spanking. I wanted her to die.

The cake was about to be served. All the children gathered around the table. The lights went low as they brought the cake to the table. It was gorgeous! It was a yard with a two-story upright haunted house. Each window of the house had a different hand created scene. I loved it! My mother's only brother, Uncle Howie, and his wife Gloria, were the creators of this masterpiece. The cake and the gifts made me forget about how mad I was at the little girl in the Indian costume.

Holidays had a similar taste to my birthdays. Thanksgiving and Christmas were celebrated at my home. Easter was celebrated at my Grandma B.'s home. These events were filled with good cooking, joyful giving, and ended in someone "pissing" someone else off. It was always a time I could depend on getting my rear blistered for being in the way.

My family of four were joined by Grandma B. and her husband, Garald, Grandma and Grandpa Hill, Old Grandma, Uncle Howie and Aunt Gloria, and my two cousins Shaun and April. The meal was always big and hearty. I hated the eating portion of the day. It was too long and I had to sit at the "children's table." I couldn't hear all the things being said because my two cousins that are younger than my sister were always being obnoxious.

During the Christmas meal of 1978, my aunt suddenly jumped up from the table. She was choking on a piece of the roast beef. Everyone rushed to her aid. Everyone that is except my uncle. He didn't even flinch. He only said, "Pass the noodles."

*Courtney*

## *To Dad, He Understood . . .*

I have forgotten how to sleep at night.  
I wake in the morning and shudder at the sight.  
There is no real reason, it's all in my mind;  
Within myself, no friend can I find.  
My love is for everyone, regardless of 'who,'  
But respect for myself, that I can't do.  
Those who are cruel or don't give a damn,  
I consider them to be much better than I am.  
There is a man, in the ground he does hide.  
He knows what I feel, and committed suicide.  
For death I'm too weak, or should I say strong.  
My pain I shall keep, my life will prolong.  
To others it appears as if I live happily,  
But as someone once said, "It's not easy being me."

S.T.

## *Red Wall Music*

I dance, and dance, and dance,  
round, and round, as the wispy  
fingers of smoke curl about my  
legs and tangle in my hair.  
Red walls jump all around me,  
closer and closer. I beckon  
them with my gentle hands,  
swaying with the crackling music  
as walls, real walls, crash  
down, and down, and down, such  
beautiful sounds to my whirling  
head. I flirt with the red walls,  
allowing only the smoke's caress,  
but soon I know I must give  
in to the walls as well,  
and burn, and burn, and burn.

*Melanie Jones*

## *A Memory*

Our first date.  
You pick me up and we  
Head off to the carnival.  
I cannot recall your face or name,  
But smells and sights bring to mind  
Your presence.

When I see a carnival and  
Watch lovers, walking hand in hand  
Through stray pieces of buttered popcorn  
And the remains of raspberry sno-cones,  
I must smile to myself as my shoes  
Stick to the ground.

The tinkling notes of a carousel,  
Screams of delight as children are  
Walking barefoot on the moon,  
The stars twinkling like fireflies in an open field.  
These things bring sudden flashbacks  
Of that night long ago.  
It's strange what the mind remembers most.

*Janet Winandy*

## *Some Other Place*

If we had met in some other place,  
would you have dressed in smoke and fire  
and cloaked in mystery?

If we had met as strangers  
upon some hurtling train,  
would you have embraced me  
Or did you look away?

Could you have felt the way you do  
if we had met in some unfamiliar  
place?

No matter the place  
or the time  
I would have felt the same  
about you.

If we had met as strangers  
upon some hurtling train  
I would have known you face  
and I wouldn't look away.  
I would have embraced you then  
if we had met in some other place

*Christopher Helton*



*Behind the  
Blue Silk Mask*

I am like a blue silk mask  
That hides a face behind,  
One of truth or mystery  
Or both of them in kind.

I am like a blue silk mask  
Hiding fear or fun.  
I let the one who wears it  
Blind others like the sun.

I am like a blue silk mask  
That hides an identity.  
It is the one that is protected  
Not for the world to see.

I am like a blue silk mask  
That no one can see through,  
And what is hidden behind me is  
A face, there to fool you.

*Cindy Mucha*

## *Knowing Joy*

*For Joy Funk Covarubbias*

*March 1988*

Knowing Joy was like the time  
Monarch butterflies flocked and floated  
Over the brown, reflecting river  
One September afternoon,  
Mimes of the yellow leaves  
That fell from leaning maple trees.

I could not tell which was rising,  
Which was falling,  
All seemed particles of the slanting sun  
Incarnated to grace this time.

A gust of wind swirled the flecks,  
Blowing them off course  
Into my hair, my arms, my memory  
Where brown edged leaf and  
Black rimmed wings paused  
To rest and bless before continuing  
Their journey.

One to the cradling dark soil,  
The other into the sun lit sky  
And on to emerald forests in Mexico, I'm told,  
Those fragile flutters lifting  
Up to vastnesses I can only imagine

And I was left, who could neither float nor fly,  
But ever changed because Joy touched me.

*Sunny N. Ritchie*